

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

No. 7.

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WILL CELEBRATION

CITY

VOL. XIX.

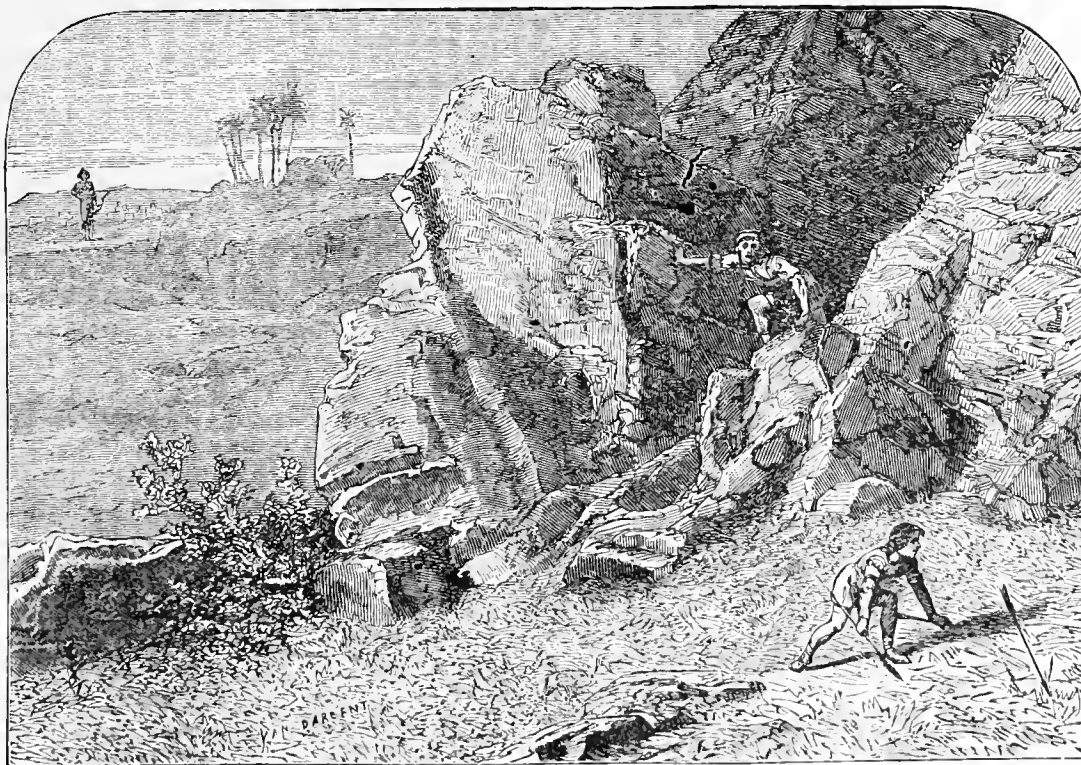
SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1884.

NO. 7.

THE FRIENDS.

ONCE upon a time, there were two youths, boys we call them now, who loved each other with a love "passing the love of women." They dearly loved to go off together and talk and hunt or amuse themselves. The youngest lad was poor and lowly born, while the older was a fine, grand youth, the son of a great ruler. Now, the youngest, whom we will call David, had done a very marvel-

And now this young David was becoming very popular and beloved by the people. Jonathan's father grew jealous and envious of his influence; and, instead of using all his mighty will to overcome this low passion, he brooded over it, thought upon it and mourned over it until he was no longer the big-souled, upright, noble ruler, but instead a miserable, wretched creature, surrounded by the evil influences he had himself



ous thing which had so pleased the father of the older lad, whose name was Jonathan, that David had been favored and petted much. Like many men who occupy high positions, Jonathan's father was jealous of those who might, at any time, he considered his equal in power and intelligence. This fault is often found in otherwise great and grand characters.

conjured up from their hellish home, and given over to their whisperings and tormentings. At last, the horrid spirit of murder sat enthroned within his breast, and the great ruler was its slave.

His son, Jonathan, however, determined to save his beloved companion, and one day, just before the festival of the new

moon, (which was held in that country for three days) Jonathan went to his friend, who had hid away from the people and their ruler, and they held a long consultation, or rather talked together a great while. David told Jonathan that he knew his life was sought, and Jonathan, loath to believe so foul a thing of his own father, said he would find out from him what his real feelings were, and then would tell his friend, David. So they agreed upon a sign by which David was to know whether to remain in hiding or come out once more. Jonathan said he would come out, bringing with him a little boy, and would shoot some arrows telling the boy to run after them. If he (Jonathan) shot the arrows beyond the boy, saying, "Behold, the arrows are beyond thee," then was David to know it was unsafe for him to come out. If he shot the arrows this side of the boy, then David was to come out and rejoice with his friend.

Jonathan seized the first chance, upon his return home, to question his father about David, and was so persistent in his queries that his father became angry, and sought even to kill or wound his own son. Upon this, Jonathan departed with a heart weighed down with grief. Seeking his friend's hiding-place, and taking the lad with him, he shot the arrows beyond the boy, thus showing David he must remain concealed.

Oh, how the innocent heart of David shook with the thought that his very life was sought by the man whom he had revered and obeyed!

However, let me conclude my little tale by telling you that in time, David, who had been true and faithful to his God and his religion, became a mighty ruler. And now, if you want to know more about these high-spirited, noble lads, whose story I have told you, just throw your coaxing arms around papa's and mamma's neck, and ask them to get down the big, family Bible and read you all about Saul, the father of Jonathan, and how he lived and died; what became of Jonathan, and how David was made king over Israel, and I am sure they won't refuse you. If they do, just come to me, we'll find it all, and read it, too. Try!

HOMESPUN.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

BY ISAIAH M. COOMBS.

"WITH what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The above is one of the many lessons our Savior taught while on earth. It is no less the teaching of nature and observation. Wise men who have no faith in God or the Bible but who have closely observed the law of cause and effect and the history of nations and of men, have not failed to notice this universal law of Divine Retribution which follows the impenitent transgressor, inflicting punishment when least expected. They may not recognize any God in it, but they see that the principle exists and is so invariable in its application that they, too, in common with men divinely inspired, lift their warning voice, saying unto the sons of men, "Be careful what you do! fate decrees that the evil you do to others shall be done to you again."

Hamán plotted the ruin, downfall and death of his hated rival. The selfsame fate that he decreed for him came upon himself even to the perishing on the gibbet which he had caused to be erected for that rival.

The enemies of Daniel laid their plans deep to have him destroyed by the lions, and to all human appearances there was no way of escape. But the God of justice was at hand to deliver him in a way that could never have been foreseen by the wisest of men. When, since the fall of Adam, before, had hungry lions refused to devour their prey? Yet he came forth from the fearful den unharmed, and his cruel, blood-thirsty enemies perished in his stead, thus receiving the very same fate that they had planned for him.

The three Hebrew children were condemned to be consumed in the fiery furnace. They, however, trusted in the goodness and mercy of God, and the result was, that while they walked unscathed in the midst of the fierce flames, they, who cast them therein perished at the mouth of the furnace.

But we cannot now enumerate one-tenth of the instances recorded in the divine scriptures alone where the truth of the saying is verified, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Profane history also teaches the same lesson on nearly every page. All the nations of antiquity, once great and powerful, and now no more, split on this rock. They grew rich, proud and haughty—trampled under foot the rights of men—the cries of their poor and oppressed subjects ascended to heaven, and God meted out to them the measure they had meted to others.

The nation of the United States is courting the same destiny. In this nation it has been the proud boast that all our subjects are free and equal. The Declaration of Independence declares this to be a fact. The Constitution as framed by the founders of our government incorporates the same principle and all our early laws were framed in accordance with that idea. In an evil day, however, the government lends its influence to persecute and rob of their rights a small handful of its subjects on account of their religion. In vain have the latter-day Prophets lifted their warning voice and told them they have, "Sown the wind and shall reap the whirlwind," if they repent not—substantially the same doctrine as heads this article. They will not believe. So sure as there is justice in heaven the measure they endeavor to mete to us will be measured to them again. The fate they have decreed for us awaits them and no power can hinder or retard it.

This principle is not confined to nations or to men of renown. *It applies to all men.* It is as common and universal in its application as any other principle that can be named. No man, no difference how low his station or how high, can with impunity wrong his fellow-man. The God of heaven, without whose notice a single sparrow does not fall to earth, takes cognizance of the acts, good and evil of every individual, and in His own due time metes out a just recompense of reward to each.

Young men and maidens of Zion, lay this truth to heart. If you would rise yourselves, help to raise others. If you would be prosperous and become great, lend a helping hand to others who are struggling for the same destiny; and put far from you every selfish and jealous feeling. Remember that no man rises, especially in this Church, by putting his foot on the neck of a brother. "Measure to others a measure of righteousness and you shall receive a righteous reward." Be willing to aid others and you shall receive aid. Seek to crush and ruin others and you shall in your turn be crushed and ruined.

Such are the teachings of the Savior—such are the teachings of enlightened reason and universal observation. Be warned and be blessed!

VARIETIES.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

THE following anecdotes furnish good illustrations of the progress animals can make under proper training. From these we can form some idea of the intelligence they can reach in the resurrection. Animals have a language of their own, by means of which they can communicate to each other. In the restitution of all things they may make such progress as to be able not only to understand us through our language, but to communicate with us.

H. Stuart Wortley writes as follows:

"A dog of mine knows instantly whether he may go out with my housekeeper or not, according to whether she wears her hat or her bonnet. In the first instance he knows she is going where he may go, and he is on his feet barking with joy as soon as she appears. If she has the bonnet on, he knows it to be church, or a visit to friends in the country, where he cannot go. If drawings of hat and bonnet were made, he would know them at once.

"Some years since, I had a remarkably clever Skye terrier, whose wisdom was at the time shown in a letter to a newspaper. This dog I taught as follows: When I went out, it was quite sufficient to say 'Yes' or 'No' in an ordinary tone; but wanting to take him beyond that, I taught him very quickly to know the two words when printed on cards, YES or NO, and after a few weeks' teaching he never mistook them. I have no time now for much teaching; if I had, I am sure it could be done with the dog I now have.

"The intelligence of cats is greatly underrated. My wife's favorite cat follows her everywhere, and comes when called wherever she may be. Cats, too, are very grateful for kindness. When I went into the Malakhoff, I found a cat on whose paw a bayonet had fallen and pinned it to the ground. I released it and took it home, and it always followed me all over camp till the end of the war. And this cat did as follows: I took her to a doctor of the nearest regiment for two mornings to have her foot dressed. The third morning I was away on duty before daylight, and the cat went herself to the doctor's tent, scratched the canvas to be let in, and then held up her paw to be doctored. The intelligence that can be developed in almost any animal depends in most cases on our treatment of it."

J. D. Caton gives to the public the following anecdote, which illustrates the sagacity of the horse and the deep affection which the female of the species has for her young:

"On my farm, one Sunday, the house was left in charge of one man, who sat on the porch reading. A mare with her young foal, was grazing in the orchard near by. At length he saw the mare coming from a distant part of the orchard at full speed, making a loud outcry—a sort of unnatural whinney, but, as he says, more like a scream of distress than the natural voice of the horse. She came as near to the man as the fence would allow, and then turned back for a few rods, and then returned, all the while keeping up the unnatural outcry. So soon as he started to follow her she ran back in the direction of a morass or miry place which had been left unguarded, and only stopped on its very brink. The man hastened to the spot with all speed, and found the colt mired in the soft mud and water. It was already dead."

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

AMONG other diseases and troubles, many people suffer from dyspepsia. There are many causes for this. One fruitful cause is rapid eating. Food is not properly chewed and is swallowed too hastily. In this way people give to their stomachs the work which their teeth should perform.

Another cause of dyspepsia is not eating at regular times. And still another cause is eating too much.

Those who eat at regular hours, and then slowly, who chew their food thoroughly and do not overload their stomachs, seldom suffer from this affliction. The following remedy is recommended in *Hall's Journal of Health*:

"Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve 'heart burn' or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water it acts promptly as an emetic, and, in cases of poisoning, is always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations."

Salt will not be likely to hurt any person, so the above remedies may be tried, as they are without harm.

Mustard is also said to be a valuable remedy. Those who recommend it say that no family should be without it.

"Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensable 'mustard plaster.' It is almost a specific for colic when applied for a few minutes over the 'pit of the stomach.' For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part."

"Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either dry or wet. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over-fatigue, anxiety and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates which settle to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be dipped up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drank every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble."

MANUFACTURE OF CANNON.

KRUPP's guns are the most famous in the world. His manufactory is in Germany. It is the largest gun foundry in the world, being much more extensive and complete than the government establishment of England, at Woolwich. It is able to complete each year from 3,000 to 4,000 field and mountain guns, 500 siege, fortress, naval and coast guns, of light caliber, and 100 heavy naval and coast guns.

In making these guns the forging process requires vast arrangements on account of the immense weight of the pieces which are to be handled, one of which sometimes weighs more than 60 tons. The steam hammer now in use for this purpose weighs 50 tons, and has a stroke of 10 feet. Another hammer is now being constructed of much greater efficiency, weighing about 150 tons, which will cost over 10,000,000 marks (\$2,500,000).

Mountain guns are finished in two months after work on them is begun, while two years are required to manufacture a 16 inch gun of 35 calibers length. This apparently long time is made necessary by reason of the large surfaces that have to be worked

over on a steel cannon of this description 55 feet long and weighing 121 tons.

PETROLEUM.

How wonderful it is to find oil in the bowels of the earth! If our grand-parents had been told, when they were young, that by boring in the earth oil could be found, they would have laughed with ridicule at the suggestion. But nothing is more common now in Pennsylvania. For years this country has supplied the world with petroleum. Many people have made enormous fortunes in the "oil regions" by their lucky discoveries. But the production of this oil is no longer confined to America. Russia has become an oil producing country. On the western shore of the Caspian Sea, at and in the neighborhood of Baku, the country is pouring forth its treasures of oil in an extraordinary fashion. Wells have been bored there which yield astonishingly. They have found what are called "spouting wells." Some of these throw a torrent of petroleum to the height of fifty feet or more in the air. This they will do for several days, until the extreme pressure is exhausted.

These discoveries have caused Baku to grow with wonderful rapidity. A mercantile navy has grown on the Caspian Sea for the transportation of the oil. A pipe line is already planned to run the petroleum across to the Black Sea, a stretch of about five hundred miles. When it reaches that sea, the oil will have access to all of eastern Europe, and in fact to the markets of the world. When this is accomplished American petroleum will not have the free swing it has had.

What will be the next great discovery in the earth? How little we know, with all our experience and boasted knowledge, concerning our mother earth and the wealth of elements which she contains!

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 89.)

A LARGE amount of grain and other crops were put in for a people situated as those in the valley were in the Spring of 1818. The crops did remarkably well considering the land was newly broken, until about the latter part of June, when the black crickets fell upon them. They committed dreadful havoc in the wheat and corn and vines, and for a while it seemed as if they would not leave anything of the crops. Men, women and children turned out to fight them; but with all the help and energy they could muster, it seemed as if all their labors would be in vain. Yet the people persevered and were generally very cheerful. We look back at those days and admire the faith and serenity and confidence which God gave them. Think of their condition! The food they brought with them almost exhausted, their grains and seeds all planted, they themselves twelve hundred miles from a settlement or place where they could get food on the east, and eight hundred miles from California, and the crickets eating up every green thing and every day destroying their sole means of subsistence for the months and Winter ahead! Who but the people of God would not have quailed and murmured, and probably fled at such a prospect? Yet if any had fear or doubts, or repining it was but little known. The people were hopeful, and relied upon God to aid and deliver them; and they were not disappointed. At the time when the prospects began to appear most gloomy, and all human power seemed useless, the sea gulls came in flocks, visited the fields, pounced upon the crickets and devoured them. They killed and ate until they were filled, then vomited and ate again. On Sunday the fields were deserted by the people, who devoted the day to worship. This was a feast day for the gulls—they devoured without let or hindrance. On Monday morning, on

visiting the fields, the people found on the edges of the water ditches, the place where the crickets were always the most numerous, pile after pile of dead crickets which had been eaten by the gulls, and then vomited when they were full.

This is a story of a most wonderful deliverance, briefly told and without embellishment. The bare recital of the facts is sufficient to afford much food for thought to those who reflect. It is another instance of the simple means which God frequently uses to bring to pass His great purposes. In the visit of these gulls the Saints saw the hand of God; to them it was as apparent as the feeding of Elijah by ravens. He controlled and directed the instinct of these birds, led them from the element on and in which they were accustomed to find their sustenance to the spot where they could be of service to His people and the accomplishment of His designs. This work completed, they returned to their natural element—the water. And yet who but the Saints think there was any providence in this? Men would willingly credit the fowls for the wonderful work they performed, or say it was natural they should seek for food wherever they could find it, or that it was a lucky chance or accident that they did find and devour the crickets; but would they acknowledge that God sent the birds there, or took any interest in their going there? There are very few persons outside the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who would do so. Yet doubters and scoffers say, "Show us a miracle that we may believe. If God is a God who works miracles in these days, we want to see one and then we will believe." The mighty works which God does perform, they deny, and say "we will not believe that to be from Him."

The wheat, corn and other crops were tolerably good, and all united in pronouncing the land the best they ever saw for wheat. On the 10th of August the people of the valley met in the bowery in the Fort to celebrate their harvest. It was a joyful time. A most excellent dinner, comprised of a great variety of food, and all produced in the valley, was prepared and eaten. There was prayer and thanksgiving, the firing of cannon, music and dancing and loud shouts of Hosannah to God and the Lamb, in which all present joined in unison. Dancing was a recreation which had been indulged in to some extent during the preceding Winter. As is the custom among the Saints at present, dances were opened and closed with prayer, and the people danced with a zest and vigor that plainly showed they were happy and thankful in the new circumstances in which they were placed.

Until the return of President Young to the valley the people generally lived in the forts; no one had attempted to build on any of the city lots. Indeed, with the exception of those taken up by the pioneers, they had not been claimed. At a meeting held a few days after the arrival of Presidents Young and Kimball in the valley, they were appointed to apportion the city lots to applicants. At that meeting leave was also granted to build on the lots that Fall (1848); but a rule was adopted by vote that all buildings in the city be erected at least twenty feet from the sidewalk. At a subsequent meeting it was voted that a land record should be kept by a clerk, and that \$1.50 should be paid for each lot—one dollar to the surveyor, and fifty cents to the clerk for recording. President Young proposed building a council house by titling labor; also the plan of casting lots for the farming land; he also suggested bringing the waters of Big Cottonwood creek on the east of the big field to this city by a canal, which would make one line of fence.

(To be Continued.)

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, March 3rd, 1884. There were present, on the stand, General Superintendents George Q. Cannon, George Goddard and John Morgan; Stake Superintendents John C. Cutler and Thomas E. Taylor, Counselor Joseph E. Taylor, Superintendents of Sunday schools and others.

Meeting opened with music by the Seventh Ward Brass Band, led by Brother John W. Andrew, and singing by the Seventh Ward Choir, led by Brother William Foster. Prayer was offered by Superintendent William Asper.

Superintendent William McLauchlan reported the seventh Ward Sabbath school. He never knew it to be in a better condition. There were 210 pupils enrolled, and 26 officers and teachers. The last four Sundays nearly every teacher had been punctually on time at the opening of school. The organization of officers was complete. They administered the sacrament in the school with good results.

According to previous announcement, Brother George M. Ottinger delivered a brief lecture on the Book of Mormon. He noticed of late a growing interest in this divine record. He considered it part of the basis of our religious superstructure, and as such it was generally attacked by our opponents. A great deal had been written to establish the Bible as an inspired record; but not so with the Book of Mormon, which was one of the most important books in the world. On account of ignorance, all kind of abuse had been heaped upon its translator. But the researches of travelers and scientific men, since its publication, had brought to light many evidences to establish its authenticity. The speaker gave a brief synopsis of what it contained; and called attention to four important events which it records as having transpired upon this continent, namely, the landing of the Jaredites, of Lehi and his family, of Mulek and his colony and the coming of the Savior. He then produced evidences from secular history to prove the truth of these statements. He concluded by recommending several historical works for the perusal of students of Book of Mormon history, as guides in their researches for evidence with which to arm themselves for its defense.

Sisters Rosa Eldington and Etta James, two of Brother E. Stephens' pupils, sang a duet composed by their teacher.

Brother Jas. J. Daynes rendered a selection on the organ.

A few remarks were offered by counselor Joseph E. Taylor, who expressed pleasure in hearing the lecture that was delivered. He suggested that mutual improvement associations of the Stake invite Brother Ottinger to repeat his lecture in their meetings.

A beautiful piece was played by the brass band.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon said he was pleased to see the improvement in the musical exercises of these meetings. He regretted that the practice of saying "Amen," aloud, at the close of a prayer or sermon was so neglected of late, and suggested that the children be taught to respond with "Amen" at the close of a prayer, thus showing that they accorded with the sentiments expressed. He referred to the lecture of Brother Ottinger. To him it was remarkable that so much evidence could be found to establish the truths contained in the Book of Mormon. He had been delighted while visiting David Whitmer, a few days since, to see the characters which had been transcribed from the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.

It was announced that Brother A. C. Smyth's singing class would furnish music for the next meeting.

An anthem was excellently rendered by the choir.

Benediction by Brother William Willes.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY J. H. W.

ONE of the most successful men of the age is said to have early learned one of the most important lessons of his life in the following manner:

In a remote field of his father's farm stood an old oak tree. On the top of this tree, for years, an old eagle had built her nest every year and unmolested raised her young. What is remarkable, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree."

One warm, sunny day some workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side to gather food for her young. As she, this day, returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling, hooting and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped the fish and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed, but the boy and his comrade sat under a bush to watch and bestow unavailing regrets. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear and so clamorous that the boys were greatly moved. The old bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were keen and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." But her indecision was momentary. Again she poised herself, uttering one or two sharp notes as if telling them to "be still," balanced her body, spread her wings and was again for the sea. The boys now determined to see the result. Their eyes followed her until she grew small, smaller—a mere speck in the sky—and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field she made a circuit around to see if her enemies were there again. Finding the coast clear she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint and evidently exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as, save cooking, a king might admire.

Glorious bird! thought the boys, what perseverance under difficulties! Other birds can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary and discouraged, and so far from the sea, would have done as that eagle did? In that hour they learned a lesson which one of them, at least, has not forgotten. When the spirit is determined it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped the head and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but that eagle, by pluck and perseverance, triumphed in the end. Let other boys and girls also learn a lesson from that noble bird. Let them set their mark high, and try to do something and be something in the world, and never yield to discouragement.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN LIVERPOOL.

BY AN OLD FRIEND TO THE JUVENILES.

OF all the noisy parts of old Liverpool perhaps but few localities are more noisy than 42 Islington, from where I now write. The tram cars pass along the street on one side of the house almost every minute in the day and until a late hour at night, and omnibuses pass at frequent intervals along the street on the other side. Besides these there are vehicles of all other grades in use here, from the vegetable cart, portable coffee boiler, or potato roaster, drawn by a diminutive donkey, up to the heaviest kind of a van, including the handsome four-wheeled cabs and the elaborate hearses passing to and fro, rumbling over the stone pavement and making the house shake with the jar they produce. The street organ or piano adds its tuneful strains occasionally to swell the discord, and amateur performers on cornets, tin whistles and concertinas add their mites. Passing pedestrians, too, take license to sing, hoot and add all the noise they please to the general confusion, and among the whole of these they manage to make the hubbub tolerably complete. This continues on an average from eighteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four, though worse at some times than at others. It usually commences about half past four o'clock in the morning, but at that time the noise consists chiefly of the clatter of the feet of passing workmen, the crying of papers in an unintelligible jargon by early news-boys and the passing of an occasional vehicle. The noise increases from that time on as the day advances and seldom begins to subside until midnight.

It is rather hard on weak nerves, and a person has to become used to it to sleep amidst all this racket, but I am not quite sure that a little noise does not tend to make me sleep now. An unusual noise, however, will waken me. For instance, I went out to Ashton, a Lancashire town which is celebrated for its cotton manufactures, awhile ago, and I was aroused there at a very early hour in the morning by a tapping noise on the outside of the upper story windows, and soon afterwards kept awake by the incessant clatter of clogs on the stone pavement as factory hands passed on their way to work. I afterwards learned that the first noise I heard was produced by a professional "waker up," who is employed by the inhabitants of the town, who work in the factories, at so much per week to come around and knock on their windows with a long stick as a warning that it is time to get up. The same custom prevails in a great many other towns in this country and also on the continent.

But I commenced writing about the noises here in Liverpool, and I was going to remark that the tumult last night—New Year's eve—was a little worse than I ever heard it before. In fact, used to it though I am, I found it impossible to sleep after retiring, and so, in company with two companions, I arose and went out on the street to see what could be the meaning of the tumult. The scene presented was more like that of early twilight than midnight, except that many of the shops were closed. The streets were thronged with men, women, boys, girls, little children and not a few babies in arms, and some of them bareheaded at that, passing in all directions, laughing, chatting, singing and yelling from sheer exuberance of spirits. Thinking perhaps there might be a midnight service going on at the cathedral, we made our way

in that direction, and, with difficulty, too, for as we approached Church Street we found the way jammed, the streets literally packed with human beings, and ever and anon they would come surging along like a huge wave driving us forward or backward in spite of all our efforts to withstand them. A rollicking, good humor seemed to pervade the crowd and they jostled one another without anyone losing his temper. In fact, it was the best-natured crowd, for the size of it, I think I ever saw. Occasionally a few masqueraders, dressed in grotesque style, or persons with their faces blacked and bearing mimic banners or dilapidated umbrellas, with others following them tooting away on various instruments in the most discordant manner, and beating on drums, tin cans or anything else that would add to the noise, were to be seen marching along in burlesque imitation of the Salvation Army. At sight of these the hilarity of the crowd knew no bounds. They yelled and laughed until they drowned the noise of the church-bells entirely.

On, on we went through the crowd thinking there must certainly be some purpose in this gathering and we would be able to find out what it was; but, if there was any, we failed to find it out, nor do I yet know it. There was a very general shaking of hands carried on in the crowd, but it did not seem to be confined to acquaintances. A good deal of hugging and other demonstrations of affection, and not a little drinking from bottles, were visible on the street; even women, and well-dressed women at that, turned up bottles and drank their contents with all the nonchalance of the most reckless men.

Such was New Year's eve in Liverpool; and, though I saw nothing of the doings after one o'clock, I heard the noise on the street until almost daylight. I have been told that such is the usual manner in which the new year is welcomed in Liverpool; and, I am informed by a friend who spent the first night of the new year in Glasgow, that the carnival there assumed the nature of a general drinking bout and hand-shaking, the streets being packed with people as they were here in Liverpool. The striking of the hour of twelve was the signal for the breaking of the necks of bottles in the streets, and then everybody and his friends had to take a drink.

Thank the Lord such customs do not prevail in Utah.

COVENANT-BREAKING.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

I WAS not present at the casting out of the evil spirits from Joseph Hunting, related in the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, but heard all of the incidents related by different parties who were present. I also boarded, some months subsequently, at Doctor Newcomb's, where the tormented man lived with his aged mother and sister, the latter being the wife of Dr. Newcomb. Previous to going there to board, however, I had been told that Sister Hunting, the mother of Joseph, had resumed her practice of smoking and tea-drinking, and fears were entertained that, as this was a violation of a sacred covenant, the evil spirits would return. I soon found the statement true that Sister Hunting smoked tobacco and drank tea, and, if I mistake not, Sister Newcomb also indulged in the use of the latter beverage.

One day, while working with Brother Simon Dykes in the hay field near the house, a member of the family came running and informed us that Joseph was crazy again, and threatening the lives of the family. We arrived at the house just in time to arrest his violence. As we entered, Brother Dykes told the maniac to be still, whereupon he became more enraged and used some most horrid oaths. At this his mother remarked, "Why, Joseph, you should not swear." I shall never forget the look he gave her as he replied, "Mother, I will swear as long as you smoke and drink tea." The mother felt the rebuke and abandoned, for a time, her evil habits.

The insane man, after the scathing rebuke to his mother, gathered the andirons from the fire-place, one in each hand, to kill, as he had threatened he would, Elder Dykes. Always during his affliction he had the strength of two able-bodied, athletic men. As he raised the andiron with his right hand and advanced with deadly intent, Elder Dykes said, "Joseph, I command you, in the name of the Lord, to be still." He halted and, in a subdued tone, said, "Don't you say that, don't you say that;" when the Elder said "I will," and in the name of Jesus Christ rebuked the evil spirits and commanded them to come out of him. Immediately he laid down the andirons, and, like a little child, as he was in his mind when not under evil influences, he asked forgiveness and again went to work. From that time there was no further trouble with him until the family again violated the Word of Wisdom, when, remarkable to say, as they gradually ceased to regard their sacred covenants, so gradually did also the evil spirits begin to manifest themselves, until, as I was informed, they threw off all restraint and "the end of that man was worse than the beginning."

Dr. Newcomb and wife came to Salt Lake about 1850, after their apostasy, and visited Sister Tyler and myself. They informed us that Joseph was worse than ever, and said it would be a relief to them if, on their return, they should learn that he was dead.

I ONCE WAS PURE.*

BY S. E. RUSSELL.

I love to visit the silent city of the dead,
To wander in its lonely streets and stand beside
Those dwellings from whence comes no sound
Of joy and mirth, of pain or strife,
To look upon the tokens of undying love placed there
By hearts that soon must follow those they mourn;
To see the flowers that spring, untended, there,
Save by the angels' hands—the grass and flowers
That live, and fade, and die,
'Tis emblem of mortality that live to die,
But die that they may live again.
Here bitter foes sleep side by side,
No sound of discord or of hatred now;
Here rests the babe, called back ere sin had marred
Or blotted out one trace of heaven;
The youths whose hopes and aims in life were high,
Cut down, their work unfinished waits for other hands;
And aged ones whose feet had trod life's winding way
Unto the end, and calmly welcomed the time of rest.
Oft have I wandered there, where the dead sleep
Their last long, dreamless sleep
And when the moonbeams rested calmly upon them,
While in my rambles I listened to a story:
A man with head low bowed and faltering step
Drew near a little grave where I then stood
Tracing by the dim twilight on a simple slab:
"Marian gone to heaven," knelt there and thus
In trembling accents spoke:
"I once was pure—this brow once shone with
Innocence, and truth as thine, my child,
When last I looked upon thee;

Now sin and remorseful agony have set their seal
Upon it, and I shudder when I gaze upon the change—
The wreck and ruin of my manhood.
Look on these hands that once were raised
Morning and eve to heaven in prayer;
Now when I try to pray my deeds come up
And mock my soul to madness,
For the prayers were changed to curses,
And innocence to crime.
Oh, I would give my heart's last drop
Could I but say I now am pure,
And the path I trod was one of truth and honor!
Once smiles greeted all my comings, and
Blessings followed in my footsteps;
Once a home was mine with all the dear
And sacred ties that heart of man could ask;
I bartered these for sin, for shame and misery,
The tempter came in an unguarded hour
And held the wine-cup to my lips—
I drank, thirsted for more and drank again,
And yet again deeper, still deeper, till the fiend
Had bound me with strong fetters and robbed
Me of my all.

"I left the home where now I brought but
Shame and misery, and strangers fill the place
Where once I reigned in joy and happiness—
I left the ones whose eyes had ne'er grown weary
In their watch for me, nor hands had
Faltered in their care and labor—
Left them to tread life's desert path through thorns
That I had planted for their feet.
For sin makes cowards of its victims,
And I could not bear to look upon the desolation
I had wrought.

"I've been a wanderer many
Weary years, enjoying not one hour of peace;
And now I have come back again—
Have sought and found my treasures here,
All, all save one, but no, 'tis only
Dust lies here, the faces that have smiled
Upon me in those happy years now
Beckon from a brighter home,
And whisper: 'Come, we're waiting for you,'
And one in yonder cot through all these years
Has watched, and prayed, and kept for me
Her love and blessing—
My mother! oh words sound cold and
Meaningless when I would speak of thee!"
Now as he had come, so he arose
And passed, after one lingering look,
Out from among the sleepers,
And all unbidden, I arose and followed him.
His steps were bent towards a little cot,
Half hidden in the trees,
And as he neared the gate an aged form
Came forth with faltering step, but eager
Welcome to her heart and home.
I saw her hand upon his furrowed brow,
As trying to smooth out those marks of woe,
I heard their mingled prayers for strength,
Then his for pardon, and from her a blessing
On her boy returned to her and to the better way;
Then from my heart arose a prayer for him,
That strength and light be given to find
And keep the path from which his feet had
Strayed, and that reclaimed, redeemed,
He yet again might say: "I now am pure."

Oh God, save our land from this withering curse,
Than famine and pestilence, worse, O far worse!
Send these or send earthquakes till earth reels again,
But oh, let mankind in true manhood remain.

We can give unto death, though with deep, bitter pain,
For we know we will find them in heaven again;
But oh, save our loved from the fiend of the cup,
And from the deep woe which its victims must up.

We can bear to look down on the still, sleeping face
When but pain at the parting within us has place;
When remembrance is sweet, and no shadow of shame
E'er cast its foul blight on our dear one's fair name.

But to look on Thine image when reason's laid low,
And drowned in the wine cup's fierce, seething flow
Is anguish unspeakable, soul-blighting woe,
Which none but the stricken ones ever can know.

Save us from this curse, and our soul's thanks shall rise
On the wings of the morning high up to the skies;
And thanksgiving in Zion in sweet songs shall ring
With praise to our God, our Father and King.

*—Awarded second prize by the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

FAITH IN GOD THE TRUE BASIS OF EDUCATION—SCHOOL TAXATION AND SECULAR EDUCATION—THE ADVANTAGE OF TEACHING RELIGION—DECEPTIVE STATEMENTS RESPECTING THE OBJECT OF CERTAIN SCHOOLS IN UTAH.



EDUCATION is a subject upon which considerable can be said. There is no people upon the earth to whom education is of more importance than to the Latter-day Saints in these mountains. Proper education will make a generation who, by their words and deeds, will bring glory to God and honor and renown to themselves. Improper education will in all probability destroy the souls of those who receive it. For the children of Latter-day Saints we know no higher or better education than that which lays the foundation in their minds of faith in God and in His great work. There is no amount of learning or skill that can make up for the absence of this. Give a young man or a young woman the best education that can be obtained in the highest universities and colleges, and leave out faith in God and in His everlasting gospel, and it is destitute of its chief value and charm. Where children of Latter-day Saints have gained what they call education, and lost their faith in the process of acquiring it, we have lost interest in them. Of what value are they to the cause of God? One man of zealous faith, though he may be uneducated, is worth, for the building up of the kingdom of God, any number of them.

Hence, it is of the first importance that we should have men of faith as teachers of our children. There is so much unbelief in the world that every child should be taught, as a part of its education, the principles of the gospel; they should be made familiar with the printed word of God contained in the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. But if our schools are made what are called "free schools," how can this be done? or, if they are made partly free, how can it be done? If schools become either free or partly free, it must be, situated as we are at present, by taxation. Not only are Latter-day Saints taxed, but others who are opposed to the Latter-day Saints, and who do not believe in their doctrines, are also taxed. Will they consent for their taxes to be devoted to sustaining schools in which our principles are taught? Assuredly not. What, then, is the result of taxation for school purposes? This is the result: by levying and collecting this tax, all religion is excluded from the schools; no religious book is used, no religious tenets are taught, but the whole course of study is secular, and God is removed from the thoughts of the teacher and the pupils. Even prayer to Him is abolished.

What a horrible condition for Latter-day Saints to place themselves and their children in! Think of it, you parents who have sacrificed your all, time and again, for your religion!

"But," it may be asked, "is this really the result which will attend taxation for school purposes?"

It certainly is in those schools which derive any help from the fund thus collected.

Let us look at this from another point of view. Suppose the Catholics were in the majority in Utah, and they had enacted a law by which all citizens who had property in the Territory were taxed a certain amount for the support of the public schools, would we think it fair for them to use that fund to sustain schools which taught their doctrines? Even if we did not send our children to the public schools, we should not like the fund we helped to raise to be used for any such purpose. We would say: "We will teach our children our own doctrines and we will maintain the schools ourselves; and you, Catholics, should do the same, and not use our taxes to help your schools."

The only fair way, therefore, where schools are supported by general taxation is for them to be kept free from all religious influences, as they now are in this Territory, so that if an Infidel, or a Protestant, or a Jew, or a Latter-day Saint should send his children to school they would not be taught any doctrine to which their parents would be opposed. This is the condition in which our public schools are now placed by the system of taxation which prevails under the law.

Now, the Catholics are opposed to the "free school" system. They do not believe in taxing for the support of schools, because they do not believe in secular education. They believe in their religion, and they know the importance of teaching it to their children in school. It is very seldom, therefore, that Catholic children go to the public schools. They go to schools of their own, where the teachers are Catholics, where the text books are Catholic and where the whole course of study is so framed as to establish in the children a belief in and love for that religion. In this they are wise. In this Territory the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Baptists do the same. They all have schools, and they all strive to make their pupils believe in their doctrines. There are some who call themselves Latter-day Saints who pretend to believe that this is not so, and that they can send their children to these schools without any danger of their losing their faith in the gospel.

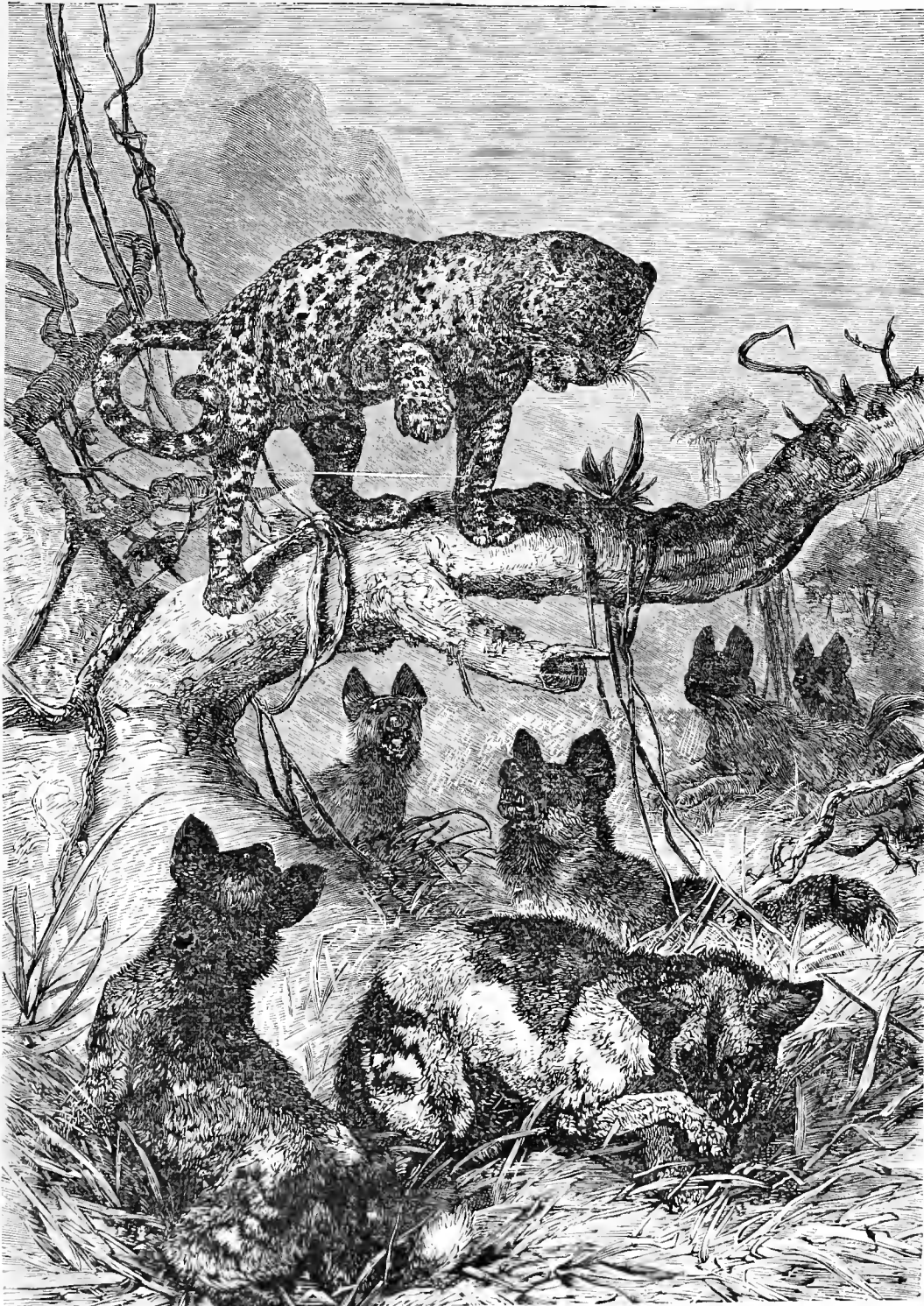
A Latter-day Saint who does this is either unfit to be a Latter-day Saint, or to have children. If he knows better, and only pretends to believe that his children are safe in going to such schools, he is a hypocrite and unworthy to have a standing in the Church; but if, on the other hand, he is so ignorant as not to know the danger to which he exposes his children by sending them to such schools, he is unfit to have the precious souls of children entrusted to his care. No man of common sense, who will use his brains, can possibly think that these people come to Utah and open schools merely for the sake of giving our children an education. It is worse than folly to think so. Their object is to proselyte the children, to wean them from the faith of their parents. If any doubt this let them look at the children who have been taught in their schools, and see how much faith they have left. If the object of establishing these schools in Utah is *only* the education of the children, why go there to find pupils? Are there no children needing education elsewhere? In the city where we happen to be while we are writing this article—Chicago—we have met children by the score, in this horribly disagreeable weather, begging for money to buy food—poor, wretched, starving, thinly-clad creatures, without education, and what is worse, without food and clothing and comfortable homes. Vice is written in their

faces and exhibits itself in all their surroundings. Here is the place to do good, if education is alone the object, and not in Utah.

JACKALS ATTACKING A LEOPARD.

IT is a remarkable fact that every creature is provided with some means of protecting itself from the attacks of its

enemies; and it is interesting to us to observe the peculiar means to which each animal resorts for protection. The wisdom of the Creator is beautifully displayed in the wonderful instincts with which He has endowed the various creatures of the animal kingdom. Doubtless there is not a creature but what has a foe to whose attacks it is often exposed; and yet there is not a creature but what has an effective way of securing itself from the attacks of its particular enemy. As different creatures have different foes to contend with, so their modes of defense vary, hence, the ways of obtaining protec-



tion possessed by the several orders of animals are very numerous and dissimilar. For instance, many of the higher order of animals, such as horses, cattle, deer, buffalo and others, depend for safety upon their swiftness in flight. Some others, such as the lion, tiger, jaguar and others of the same family are so ferocious that they are seldom attacked, except by man; and even he, when well armed, finds it a dangerous business to hunt these formidable creatures. Such ponderous animals as the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus are able to defend themselves by their great strength. But there are many creatures that are not able to protect themselves by flight nor by their muscular power. Some of these are furnished with very peculiar means with which to guard themselves. The porcupine, for example, is covered with sharp quills which serve very effectually to protect it. The hedgehog, a small animal that is common in Europe, is clothed with spines, which can be thrown erect, at the will of the animal; it also has power to roll itself into a ball by bringing its head, tail and paws together. When assailed, it assumes this position; it is then almost impossible for its foes to unroll it, as it presents nothing but pointed spines from all sides.

The snail and the tortoise again can draw themselves within their shells at the approach of danger. The shell of the latter is so strong that it takes a tremendous weight to crush it.

At the bottom of the ocean there are hundreds of varieties of shell-fish, all of which are securely protected in their pearly dwellings.

There is a species of fish called the cuttle-fish, which discharges from its mouth a black fluid, thus discoloring the water surrounding it, so that it cannot be seen by its pursuer.

Many birds, insects and quadrupeds are enabled to conceal themselves among the leaves and foliage of the trees and vegetation in which they live. It is a providential circumstance that the color of these creatures harmonizes with the tints of the vegetation with which they are surrounded. Birds of the most brilliant plumage are generally found in tropical climes, where the foliage is always of a bright color, while the appearance of our snowbirds and sparrows very much resembles the color of the bare branches of the trees in which they flit about.

Some tribes of men in Africa seem to take advantage of this mode of concealing themselves where they will not be recognized from their surroundings. A story is told of some of these black skinned natives of the "dark continent" being pursued by white men. When they reached a place where there were some trees and brush that had been burned, and being screened for the moment from their pursuers by an intervening hill, they at once assumed positions to resemble the trunks and broken branches of trees. Some stood up in as crooked a position as possible while others lay on their backs with their feet and hands raised. When those in pursuit arrived upon the spot they were at a loss to know how the savages had disappeared. They therefore resolved to take a rest and one of the number took off his hat and placed it upon what he supposed to be a charred branch of a tree. You might imagine his surprise when he found it to be the fist of one of the negroes whom he was after. The native could not refrain from laughing at the effectual deception practised, and thus their scheme was frustrated.

It is impossible to describe all the ways which our Heavenly Father has provided for the animal kingdom to protect themselves from danger. If we will study the works of nature we

will find many evidences of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

But we have said nothing in regard to the subject chosen for this sketch. In the engraving we see a pack of jackals, cying very savagely the movements of the leopard, which has sprung upon the branch of a tree to get out of their reach. They have probably chased the leopard until he is nearly exhausted, and has sought refuge by mounting the tree. It seems a bold undertaking for animals like these to attack one that is so much stronger and ferocious. But it sometimes happens that such animals will unite in great numbers to chase down and kill a tiger or leopard. The latter animals prey upon smaller and less powerful ones, hence the weaker party sometimes assembles in a large body to get rid of an enemy by running him to death. Although a tiger is able to withstand the attack of any single animal, yet when assailed by a body of comparatively weak creatures it at once takes to flight for security. This plainly illustrates the principle that there is great strength in unity. A leopard is able to destroy any number of jackals if they are not united; but when they confederate to oppose him, he must yield. The strength of the Latter-day Saints as a people lies in their unity. Were it not for this they would be a weak and insignificant handful of people, but as it is they are dreaded by the world because they are so united.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CALL UPON DAVID WHITMER—THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE BOOK OF MORMON—COPY OF THE CHARACTERS FROM THE PLATES—VISIT TO INDEPENDENCE.

ON my return from my visit to the East I took the opportunity of calling at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, to see the last surviving witness of the three to whom the angel exhibited the plates of the Book of Mormon—David Whitmer.

From Kansas City I took train for Lexington Junction, and there changed cars for Richmond. Upon arriving at the station I inquired of a gentleman who was standing there if he knew Mr. Whitmer. He told me that his son, David J. Whitmer, would be there presently, as he owned the omnibus which carried passengers from the station to the hotels. In a short time the omnibus drove up, and the gentleman of whom I had made the inquiry pointed Mr. Whitmer out to me. I found him very courteous, and upon informing him who I was he appeared to have been expecting me, having heard through some of the papers that I was intending to make such a visit. He said his father was growing very feeble and he did not like to have him interviewed, but he would arrange for me to see him as soon as he could.

I drove to the hotel and after dinner Mr. Whitmer called upon me and conducted me to the residence of his father. On our way there he pointed out the track of a cyclone which had visited the town in 1878, and which had left their house, or rather the room in which the manuscript of the Book of Mormon was kept, in such a condition as to astonish all the people. The roof of the house was blown off; but nothing in this room was disturbed. The glass was not even broken. This was a cause of astonishment to the neighborhood, and the family evidently ascribe the protection of the room and its contents to the fact of the manuscript being there.

David Whitmer, who was born in January, 1805, is growing feeble, but his mind is bright and apparently unimpaired. He is rather slender now and probably stood in his early manhood five feet ten or perhaps five feet eleven inches in height. I noticed in shaking hands with him that the thumb of his right hand is missing and the hand has a long scar in the center from some injury that he had received. His hair is thin and he is rather bald. His nose is aquiline. His eyes black, or a dark brown. I noticed a slight German accent or tone in his talk. The Whitmer family is of German origin, his mother, I believe, having been born on the Rhine. He has evidently been a man who in his prime must have been quite interesting, and, I should think, fine looking. I was shown a likeness of his, painted in oil, when he was thirty-two years old. This makes him appear as handsome, of marked features, rather Jewish looking, with a head of thick hair inclined to curl.

After some little conversation he inquired of me if I would like to see the manuscript, and gave his son a key and told him to bring it in. I found it wonderfully well preserved, written in different hand-writings. He says they are the writings of Oliver Cowdery, Emma Smith, Martin Harris, and, perhaps, some of it that of his brother Christian, who assisted the Prophet Joseph. This is the manuscript, Mr. Whitmer says, from which the printers set the type of the Book of Mormon, and he pointed to me where it had been cut for convenience as "copy." I noticed some printers' marks on the manuscript. Still it seemed unusually clean for "copy" that printers had handled. I commented upon the cleanness of the manuscript, and he explained that it was in consequence of the care taken of it by Oliver Cowdery in watching it while in the printer's hands. It was fastened together not as a whole, but a few sheets—probably not more than a dozen—with woolen yarn, which he said was his mother's. I examined this manuscript with great interest and with a feeling of reverence. How many associations cluster around this! What wonderful changes have occurred since the few who were interested in this work labored in its preparation under the direction of the Prophet! Everything connected with the work then was in the future. Their minds were filled with anticipation concerning the greatness of the work the foundation of which they were assisting to lay. But how little conception after all, probably, these men had, with the exception of Joseph, of the wonderful character of the work to be accomplished. Thoughts like these passed through my mind while looking at this manuscript.

But there was a paper with this, which, if anything, was still more interesting than the manuscript. It was the characters drawn by Joseph himself from the plates for Martin Harris to take to show the learned professors, so wonderfully predicted in the 29th chapter of Isaiah. There were seven lines of these characters, the first four being about twice as large in size as the last three. In English Joseph had written over the lines the word "characters." He had spelled this word, "caractors." Though these characters had evidently been written for a long time, they were as clear and distinct as though just penned. Here was the very paper which Isaiah saw in vision about 2,600 years before, and which he called "the words of a book." How wonderfully God in His own way brings to pass the fulfillment of the predictions of his servants! To the ordinary person it might seem like a trifling thing to copy these characters and send them "to one that is learned;" but it was of sufficient importance in the mind of the Lord for him to inspire his servant Isaiah to exactly describe the occurrence. This shows how much importance

the Lord attached to these details connected with the foundation of this work and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon.

David Whitmer told me he was plowing when Joseph and Oliver came to him to speak about his being one of the witnesses. He already knew that the Lord had promised to show the plates to three witnesses. Joseph then informed him that he was chosen to be one of the three. They went out and sat upon a log, conversing upon the things to be revealed, when they were surrounded by a glorious light which overshadowed them. A glorious personage appeared unto them and exhibited to them the plates, the sword of Laban, the Directors which were given to Lehi (called Liahona), the Urim and Thummim, and other records. Human language cannot, he said, describe what they saw. He had had his hours of darkness and trial and difficulty since that period; but however dark upon other things his mind had been, that vision had ever been a bright and beautiful scene in his memory, and he had never wavered in regard to it. He had fearlessly testified of it always, even when his life was threatened. Martin Harris was not with them at the time Joseph and Oliver and he saw the angel; but he and Joseph afterwards were together, and the angel exhibited the plates to Martin Harris also, and he thus became a witness.

I spent several hours there, and to me they were very interesting. The old gentleman was able to stay in the room only a portion of the time; he had to retire to rest; but I had the company of his son, David J. Whitmer, and his nephew, John C. Whitmer (who is a son of Jacob Whitmer, one of the eight witnesses of the Book of Mormon), while I remained.

The old jail in which the Prophet Joseph and other brethren were imprisoned at Richmond had long ago disappeared; a brick one had been built in its stead, and it had passed away, having been replaced by a stone building which now stands. The town contains, I was informed, about 3,500 inhabitants, including coal miners of whom there are a large number, there being good coal found here. I was not favorably impressed with the appearance of the country and improvements. There is not much enterprise shown, and the buildings are not of a superior kind. I have no doubt the soil is rich and produces plentifully, but there seems to be very little push among the people.

The next day I took train from Kansas City to Independence. Independence is in the midst of a very beautiful country. I was greatly pleased with the location of the city and the appearance of the country around it. It is well timbered and rolling. From Independence the view in every direction is very fine—to the north and east particularly. I walked all over the place and in doing so had the most peculiar feelings. The temple lot is about half a mile to the west of the public square on the outer edge of the town, the houses being somewhat scattered in the neighborhood. The lot has no improvements upon it excepting a wire fence and a few puny trees that somebody had planted recently. It is fenced somewhat in the shape of a flat-iron and has a road on each side of it. It appears strange that it should never have been built upon. I found the city from this point (notwithstanding it being the dead of Winter and the trees leafless) exceedingly fine. Though it is not a hill, yet the ground slopes off in every direction from this lot, particularly to the west, and less to the east than to any other point. A temple on this spot would occupy a very commanding position, and the view from it will be most magnificent; for whenever a temple shall be built the country around it will be beautifully improved.

But as it is, it called forth my admiration. Independence is about four miles distant from and to the south of the Missouri river. The city contains, I am told, about 6,000 or 7,000 people, and I was struck with the great number of churches for the size of the place. I was told that there were about 500 people living there who call themselves "Mormons." They seemed to get along very well with the rest of the inhabitants, for the reason, I was told, that their movements had a tendency to enhance the value of real estate there. The location of Independence is one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and in the Summer time the country must be very inviting. There is a park-like scenery about the place that makes it very attractive, and no end of fine locations for dwelling houses or public buildings. Independence itself, as a town, did not please me particularly. The streets are only moderately wide and the houses are mostly frame, though there are also some very fine brick structures. It is a growing city and good hopes are indulged in concerning its future. There will be great changes doubtless take place before the word of the Lord respecting the erection of a temple there will be fulfilled. Already the old mobocratic families who helped to expel the Saints have been greatly thinned out, and but few are left.

Our Theological Class.

SESSION SIXTH.

BY URIEL.

WE will now take up the subject of repentance. To repent is to have a godly sorrow for wrongs done. We have all been guilty, more or less, of disobedience, covetousness (which is idolatry), fault-finding, bad habits, discontentedness, insolence, heresies, pride, self-will and lightmindedness, with many other sins that have prevented that purity of heart so essential to make a success in the science of theology. If we have been guilty of bad habits, repentance will cause us to quit them. We will by this principle cease to find fault and try to school ourselves to be satisfied, kind and considerate, to have regard for the feelings of others and to be as cheerful as possible under all circumstances.

Repentance improves our character and makes us more bright and useful in all the walks of life. We are given to understand that this principle was taught to our progenitor, Adam. God taught him the necessity of repentance, telling him that if he would turn unto Him, hearken unto His voice, believe, repent of all his transgressions and be baptized, that he should receive the choicest knowledge. Adam asked, "Why is it that man must repent?" The Lord answered, "Behold I have forgiven thee thy transgression in the garden of Eden. Hence came the saying abroad among the people, that the Son of God hath atoned for original guilt, wherein the sins of the parents cannot be answered upon the heads of the children, for they are whole from the foundation of the world." The Lord said, "Inasmuch as thy children are conceived in sin, even so when they begin to grow up, sin conceiveth in their hearts and they taste the bitter, that they may know to prize the good. And it is given unto them to know good from evil: wherefore they are agents unto themselves, and I have given unto you another law and commandment.

Wherefore teach it unto your children, that all men, everywhere, must repent, or they can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God, for no unclean thing can dwell there, or dwell in His presence; for, in the language of Adam, Man of Holiness is His name; and the name of His Only Begotten, is the Son of Man, even Jesus Christ, a righteous Judge who shall come in the meridian of time" (see *Pearl of Great Price*, page 16).

This principle is taught throughout the whole history of God's dealings with the people who have lived upon this earth. Whenever they strayed from His ways, and drifted into idolatry, heresies and false doctrine, and He determined to make an end of sin by punishing the people for their wickedness, He revealed Himself to one of His children upon the earth, who had been before appointed unto this honor and sent him forth to preach faith and repentance, so that the inhabitants of the earth might be left without excuse.

Let us refer to the prayer that was offered up by Solomon at the dedication of the temple (*I. Kings viii*, 46-49), "If they sin against Thee (for there is no man that sinneth not), and Thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives unto the land of the enemy, far or near; yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they were carried captives, and repent, and make supplication unto Thee in the land of them that carried them captives, saying, We have sinned, and have done perversely, we have committed wickedness; and so return unto Thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, in the land of their enemies which led them away captive. * * * Then hear Thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven." Solomon knew the value of this true repentance. It was not only to be sorry for wrongs done but turning unto the Lord with "all their heart, and with all their soul." This is the repentance that God taught (see *Ezekiel xviii*, 27), "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Because he considereth and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed." This is true repentance.

When John the Baptist, the fore-runner of Jesus Christ, commenced his ministry, in the "wilderness of Judea," he called upon the people to repent, saying, "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." In like manner, when Jesus Christ, after being "tempted of the devil," "began to preach and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (*Matthew iii*, 1, 2, and *iv*, 17). And when He called the twelve and sent them forth to preach, "They went out and preached that men should repent" (*Mark vi*, 12). Again, after His resurrection when He visited His disciples, as related by the historian Luke in his twenty-fourth chapter, from the forty-fifth verse, "Then opened He to their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day: And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things."

This principle was advocated throughout all the ministry of the Apostles and Elders who were preachers of righteousness and those who believed their preaching, repented and commenced living a better life. And in these last days, when the Father commenced His work by the restoration of the gospel, in a revelation given unto Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith, in April, 1829, the same principle was advocated. The Lord

said, "Say nothing but repentance unto this generation: keep my commandments and assist to bring forth my work, according to my commandments, and you shall be blessed."

Repentance is most faithfully preached to-day and is manifested by the reformation among the people. The Lord has told us how we may know when the people repent. He says they will turn from their sins. Their hearts will be set upon righteousness, their eyes will be opened to the value of eternal life and they will have an understanding of the things of God unknown to those who will not or do not repent. God knows our hearts, and has declared, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Then let us repent and ask the Father to create within us a pure heart, that we may love Him with all our might, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

The repentance of the world worketh death, for they are ever sorry or repent to-day and sin again to-morrow. This will never do. We cannot be saved in our sins for the Lord has declared He "cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance: nevertheless he that repents and does the commandments of the Lord shall be forgiven" (*Doc. and Cov., page 75*). This is and has always been the condition. When Paul preached to the Athenians, he told them that in the times of ignorance God winked at their false manner of worship, but, "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness." It was in that day as it is to-day. Light and truth had come into the world. God had His authority upon the earth; Paul was an Apostle and High Priest and had the authority to call all men to repentance. In like manner this authority is restored to the earth and repentance is being preached to-day by divine commandment.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

THE FAITH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE faith of little children is touchingly sublime. It is beautiful to see how earnest and sincere they are when called upon to exercise faith for the sick. When told that prayer is to be offered for their parents or a play-fellow, they close their eyes, draw themselves up in the act of devotion and their whole souls seem to concentrate on what they are about to do.

The minds of the children are free from tradition and false education, therefore, they have more faith. For this reason it is evident that the Lord readily hears and answers the longing desires of their innocent hearts.

Several instances of the efficacy of the faith and prayers of the children of the primary association have come under the special notice of the writer.

At Kanab, in the Summer of 1881, a babe, the daughter of Brother C. W. Johnson who was on a mission to the States, was taken very sick. From

a robust child she was reduced to a mere skeleton. The mother and friends had done all they could for her relief, but it appeared to be of no avail. It was thought that the child was appointed unto death. One Saturday, at two o'clock, p. m., the children of the primary association met. The president called on one of the officers to pray and ask the Lord to spare the little one if it was His will. The children were asked to exercise their faith, and, with the speaker, ask the Lord to bless and heal the babe. While the prayer was being offered the faith of about 75 innocents was gathered into one grand unit, and the power of the Spirit of the Lord was so manifest that the speaker felt assured that the prayers of those little children would be answered.

The child commenced to mend from that hour, and by the end of the next week it was comparatively well.

During the same Summer, a six-year old son of the writer was sick with a bad cold and sore throat. There had been several cases, in Kanab, of what was supposed to be diphtheria, and the parents, were, therefore, somewhat alarmed.

The boy had a strong fever, his tongue and the glands of his throat were much swollen, and he appeared to suffer greatly. The father went for the Bishop to come and administer to the child, but he could not do so just then. The mother sat by the bed watching and doing all she could for the afflicted one. A neighbor brought him some cherries but he could not swallow them. It seemed as though he would choke to death.

The father went again for the Bishop, and while he was absent the mother told a little girl who was going to a meeting of the primary association, to ask the president to have the little child prayed for, as he was very sick.

It appeared that time enough had scarcely elapsed for the children to meet and prayer to be offered, when the mother saw a change pass over the child's face. In a few moments he rose up in bed and said, "Please, Ma, give me the cherries." They were given to him, and he ate them without any difficulty.

Just then the Bishop and the father came in. They seemed astonished to see the change in the child. The father said, "Mother, he is better!" She answered, "Yes, the children of the primary association have met and prayed for him." In about an hour he got up and played around, seemingly as well as ever.

M. ELIZABETH LITTLE.

NIGHT SCENES IN A
GREAT CITY.

FIFTH NIGHT.

BY KENNON.

(Continued from page 76.)

PASSING through the library filled with the matter swiftly developing into history, we entered the managing editor's room. Here sat the presiding genius of the newspaper; and with him were three or four editorial writers who were receiving instructions from him. In a large apartment adjoining this worked most diligently the night, telegraph and news editors. There was no bustle in these rooms but the labor seemed to be performed with great swiftness. The five or six telegraph and news editors were collating matters of interest from every quarter of the globe. The masses of disorganized material which they were handling appeared productive, to my uninitiated mind of nothing better than chaos. But trained by their study and practice to think and act quickly, the editors were never at a loss. And the tube which led to the composing room was constantly receiving accessions of "copy."

I was very curious to see this room which swallowed, insatiably, so much editorial work; so we climbed the long stairways which led to the fourth story of the building. Here we found 40 or 50 compositors, setting type with the rapidity and skill which their business requires: three foremen, one dividing the "copy" into "takes," one making up forms, and one, apparently the chief, watching and directing the entire work of the room; and four proof-readers, sitting in two small alcoves opening from the composing room, engaged in the tedious labor of detecting and marking errors on the proofs. In the main room no one spoke except when the foremen issued directions. But there was a constant humming noise caused by the click of the types which 40 hands were swiftly dropping into 40 sticks.

When we had finished our inspection of the editorial and typographical departments and the library, it was nearly midnight; and joining with a half-score of reporters who had finished their work and were off duty, went out and took a light lunch. Returning after we had bade the other toilers goodnight, Flynn and I sought the press-rooms. We were just in time to witness the stereotyping of the first forms—a most curious process to one who had never before viewed it. Slowly the hours wore on until three o'clock arrived. Then the last form having been stereotyped, the plates were laid into the mighty press, and the work of producing the newspaper was in its last stage. One end of a long roll of paper—measuring two or three miles was inserted in the feeder of the press, the attendant of the machine touched a lever, and the clatter like that of a dozen threshing machines, began. The paper passed through the long press so fast that my eyes could not note its flight. But at the further end of the machine I could see the finished fact. The papers came out, printed, folded and stacked in neat piles faster than two men could count. The press yielded 33,000 complete copies every hour. No human hand touched the paper from the time it entered the press until it came out finished and ready for distribution by mail or carrier. Then three men were occupied in carrying the neatly folded copies to the foreman's tables to be apportioned under his direction.

We had seen the work of producing the paper in one day, from the first step to the last. But there was something

else that Flynn wanted to show me; and at his invitation I accompanied him with one of the carrier's in the early round to distribute papers along one of the principal streets leading from the office. This carrier was an old man, but he was a very brisk fellow. He took in an oilskin bag, which hung over his shoulder, about 250 copies of the paper, and emerging from the building departed quickly on his journey. In walking the distance of half a mile he delivered the whole lot of his papers; and yet progressed so rapidly that Flynn and I with difficulty kept pace by his side. Some of the papers he pushed under doors, some he dropped through gratings into basements, some he handed in at restaurants or club rooms, which kept open house all night, and others he threw up to balconies or window ledges of the second, third, fourth and fifth stories of buildings. His skill was marvelous. He would take a paper, fold and roll it into a small compass quicker than my eyes could follow his movements, then point out some particular portions of a building where he desired it to land, and with a strong throw would send it spinning to its destination. Not once did he make a failure. When his first stock was exhausted he returned to the office for more; and when we parted from him at five o'clock in the morning, he was just starting on his last trip which he told us, comprised a walk of more than four miles and the delivery of nearly 600 papers.

THE BEST REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no primmed cap with the tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health. "I want to see my mother, sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top. "You cannot; get out of my way, boy; why don't some one take the brat?" "Only let me see one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, as he gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears streaming down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see mother, only once!" Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glistened through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed:—"When I'm man I'll be revenged for that!" There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite, built in the poor boy's heart, the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips lightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with a haughty reserve on his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and a kindly eye to plead for the friendless one. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius

entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. "May God bless you, sir; I cannot!" he exclaimed. "I want no thanks," replied the stranger. "I—I—I—believed you are unknown to me." "Sir, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago this day you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his dead mother's coffin. I was that boy." The man turned pale. "Have you rescued me then to take my life?" "No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go then, and remember the tears of a friendless child." The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity—as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.—*Selected.*

EASY SCIENCE LESSONS.

BY SUNNY.

LESSON III.

MATTER is made up of extremely small particles termed *molecules*. Examine a kernel of wheat; separate it into fine portions, even crush it to a powder, yet each one of these little particles of flour contains a great number of molecules. A piece of gold may be crushed into pieces so small that were they a hundred times larger, they would still be invisible to the naked eye, but even in these small particles exist many molecules.

How small is a molecule? Well, a molecule of a compound substance is so small, that it cannot be divided again without destroying the compound. For example: Divide a molecule of water, and it no longer exists as water, but as smaller particles of different substances, oxygen and hydrogen gases. Such is the molecular division theory of all compound matter, viz., the molecules of a compound substance can not be divided without destroying the identity of that body, resolving it into its elements.

In being led out of one difficulty we are plunged into another; for we now have a little mass of smaller amount than a molecule, as the molecule of water was divided. Scientists give to these smaller particles the name *atoms*. A goodly number of atoms may exist in one molecule. How small is an atom? So very, very small it will not admit of subdivision. But it may be admitted that, mechanically, an atom exists merely in theory, for we could not obtain one atom by itself, and the same can be said of a molecule. Nevertheless, they do exist. To separate one of the smallest dust particles of gold or flour would require a delicate operation; how then would it be possible to extract one of the many molecules or atoms existing in that already microscopic particle! The molecules and atoms are not in contact with each other, and by virtue of this condition depends the principle: all bodies are compressible. The distances between them are even greater than the particles themselves.

Scientists draw the beautiful comparison of molecules and atoms existing in a body as the sun, earth, moon and stars exist in space: the atoms forming a molecule, or system much in the same manner as our solar system is formed by the sun and planets—with great distances intervening; and the molecules (or systems) of bodies separated from each other by immensely vast distances, even as our own little solar system exists in relation to the almost infinitely distant systems of the stars composing the universe.

Let me not bear too much upon your credulity when I tell you that the relative weights of these molecules and atoms have been obtained. How? They surely did not weigh a molecule or an atom in any of those sensitive scales concerning which we have heard so much? No; but by a more delicate scale—the balance of the mind. It was by this same balance that Adams and Leverrier determined the position, size and weight of Neptune, the most distant planet, before they had ever heard of or seen it. Such a problem was solved and quite accurately too; they did it by means of this balance in the mind—REASON.

The workings of the balance, with its lever, or beam, its fulcrum, scale-pans, index and weights of various denominations, perhaps would prove too complex and extensive to analyze and explain here. The scale exists, notwithstanding, and is in practical use, managed by skillful masters. By it the weight and philosophy of many natural phenomena are determined and explained. By it facts are announced, principles deduced, and truths are established. True, occasional mistakes occur, but they are, as a general rule, the results of an improper management in balancing or adjusting the scales, either through carelessness or through ignorance, rather than from any defect in the balance itself. Possibly, too, in the formation thereof, some parts were made too great, some too light, the results of which are inaccurate and worthless returns. But in the cause of knowledge and science, the best balances are in use, and the most skillful and masterly hands manipulate them.

As men of science and men of learning are pushing their investigations, extending their explorations and researches with vigor in every direction, let us be their cotemporaries in the true sense of the word, "thinking their think," as it were. And though we may not travel with them in any or all of these directions, we can at least keep our balance polished with use and ready for use; that we may take their results, throw them into the balance, and by its index (the judgment) determine their real worth.

Nor is this our stopping. There are many things to be weighed and many problems to be solved of, perhaps, a more practical nature. No one needs be idle.

But I have wandered a long way from my subject; will return in our next.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 5 is STEAM. Correct solutions have been received from Sophrona Larson, Arthur Wixom, Brigham City; L. D. Willis, Lake Town; Geo. T. Paxman, Nephi, L. J. Holley, Springville; S. Worsencroft, Payson; F. J. Midgley, Wales; Josephine Workman, Farmington; W. H. Strecker, Centerville; Willard Sorenson, Mendon; A. H. Bishop, B. Raymond, Kaysville; A. E. Dalton, A. L. Newman, Ogden; Albert Curtis, Logan; John Worthen, Henry Chamberlain, F. J. Hewlett, Salt Lake City.

WE cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make "a beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as Nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go reeling home to his wives.—*Hunt*

LET THE HOLY SPIRIT GUIDE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Andantino. p *mf*

Let the Ho - ly Spir - it's promptings Be your dai - ly, con - stant

f

guide; Let its peace - ful, heaven - ly influence Ev - er in your

pp

heart a - bide: It will lead in du - ty's path - way,

Cres. *f*

And will nev - er let you stray; It will keep - you

Dim.

from all dan - ger. And from ev' - - ry e - vil way.

Let the Holy Spirit guard your
Every act, and word, and thought;
Never make a single effort
Till the Spirit's aid you've sought.
Cherish it as your companion;
Heed its sweet and still, small voice;
If you listen to its dictates,
Then through life you will rejoice.

Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
Or it will not with you stay,
But that it may dwell within you,
To your Heavenly Father pray.
Ask in faith and He will answer,
And will bless you from above;
He will send His Holy Spirit,
Which will fill your soul with love.

1852.

1883.

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